

Editorial Page

Fair in Spotlight

This weekend Acton Fair takes the spotlight. It will be the 48th such Acton Fair and actually the competitions go back beyond that to the Esqueving Agricultural Society. In those days the event was alternated between Georgetown and Acton. That finally proved unworkable and Acton Fair was born in 1913.

There has been a great change in agriculture from the days when the fairs were held in a shed at the corner of Bower Ave. at Elgin St., with cattle being exhibit next to the Storey Glove factory.

The event is now staged in a more spacious Prospect Park, the exhibits have grown, the variety has expanded and competitive interest is equal.

Acton Fair is an agricultural show window. It has undergone difficulties in its growth through bad weather but it has continued and grown. It is worthy of its place in com-

munity activities and makes an important contribution to the blending of the agricultural-industrial influences prevalent in the area today.

Fairs don't change greatly. They are primarily competitive agricultural displays but this does not exclude their interest to the urban dwellers too. Normally there are commercial exhibits that unfortunately cannot be included this year due to arena construction. We can, however, look forward to even greater improvement and progress in Acton Fair another year when the improved Community Centre facilities will be available.

In the meantime there is no better place to meet friends, see agricultural displays and view the competitive entries, than at Acton Fair this weekend.

See you at the Fair!

Unfortunate Combination

It is unfortunate that in Nassagaweya voters are being asked to consider certain beer and liquor questions on the one hand while eyeing a race track on the other.

There would be some additional tax revenue accruing if a race track is established. The estimate is \$14,000 annually. It is conceivable that the township would not incur any great liability in improving roads since the proposed site is close to 401.

In the light of this, the granting of power to licence certain beer and liquor outlets in the township may appear to many to be a reasonable compromise. It is of course up to the Nassagaweya voters to weigh their decision.

We understand the race track will be built regardless of the outcome of the vote but its operation would be limited by the absence of such liquor or beer.

Quite possibly this is so. We have no experience whatever in this area and must count on the opinion of those who know.

What we find hard to understand, in the broader sense of the question, is why so many people are understood to believe that a good time is not possible without liquor or beer.

This generation, it would appear, has been so fully indoctrinated by the pressures of advertising that links good times with liquor, that we cannot understand it otherwise. In fact it now seems to be the subject of comment when people find a good time can be had in absence of liquor.

The same arguments are advanced when we are advised that a race track cannot be adequately competitive without the beer and liquor facilities because other tracks have those facilities.

It is unfortunate that the Nassagaweya voters are facing the granting of liquor and beer facilities while being tempted with what could be a welcome commercial development.

Hold That Panic Button

Everyone keeps hoping no one pushes the panic button that would envelop the world in a nuclear war but we all lack the confidence to be sure when we see Khrushchev kicking world opinion and the neutralists around.

Canada seems to be maintaining a note of calmness in its national voice but there have been increases in manpower requirements that have a foreboding note about them too.

Quite frankly, prospects for the effective continuance of world peace look pretty shaky.

Now, can we in the towns and villages of Halton get down to brass tacks on this business of civil defense without getting steamed up and edgy at the same time.

Probably not. Probably we need a measure of panic to get us even thinking about survival from something we've been telling ourselves will never happen.

Halton has an Emergency Measure

Organization and in a quiet, unobtrusive way they have been trying to get groups interested in rescue training, home nursing and some other subjects.

Classes are now being arranged in rescue work, fundamentals of first aid, home nursing, communications and in all phases of welfare. Those who may be interested in such training can reach W. B. McGregor, Co-ordinator of Public Survival at 225 Main St., Milton or by phoning TR 8-9751.

The governments concerned seem to have developed some kind of clear understanding in what they want E.M.O. to accomplish. Because of this the path is clear for progress along this line. Those who are trained would be assets in natural disasters as well as nuclear war. The training thus has a distinct advantage.

But all the planning by federal and provincial governments will lack effectiveness if we don't get it down to municipal and personal terms.

Shortsighted View

Perhaps it is hardly surprising, in view of Ottawa's restrictions and the publicity in recent months about the "hard times" Canada is suffering, that immigration in the first half of 1961 is well down even from last year's low intake. The comparative figures are 58,041 in 1960, only 36,782 in 1961. By country of last permanent residence, Italy is leading thus far this year with the United Kingdom second and the United States third; respectively, the figures are 7,314, 6,177 and 4,684.

Nearly one-half of the newcomers, a total of 18,297, are listed as "not destined to the labor force." These are mainly wives and children. Of those who came seeking employment, only 2,085 were classed as laborers. Manufacturing and mechanical workers numbered 4,668; service occupations, 3,530; managerial and professional, 3,139; clerical workers, 2,362; farm workers, 1,563. It is probable that some Canadians will

grumble that even this limited immigrant intake is unwise in these times but this is an extremely shortsighted view. Most of those entering the labor force bring skills that are needed here, and in total the newcomers represent a not inconsiderable addition to the market for goods and services.

Though it was a limited study, the findings of a survey made by the Department of Immigration and Citizenship indicate that it does not take long for our immigrants to fit in and make their contribution to the country's economic growth. The study covered 6,969 immigrants applying for citizenship in Toronto and Montreal. In their first year here the newcomers earned about one-third less than a comparable group of Canadians, but by the time they could apply for citizenship they had achieved about the same incomes as Canadians.

Immigration, in short, contributes to employment, not to unemployment.

"Plymouth Pigeons"

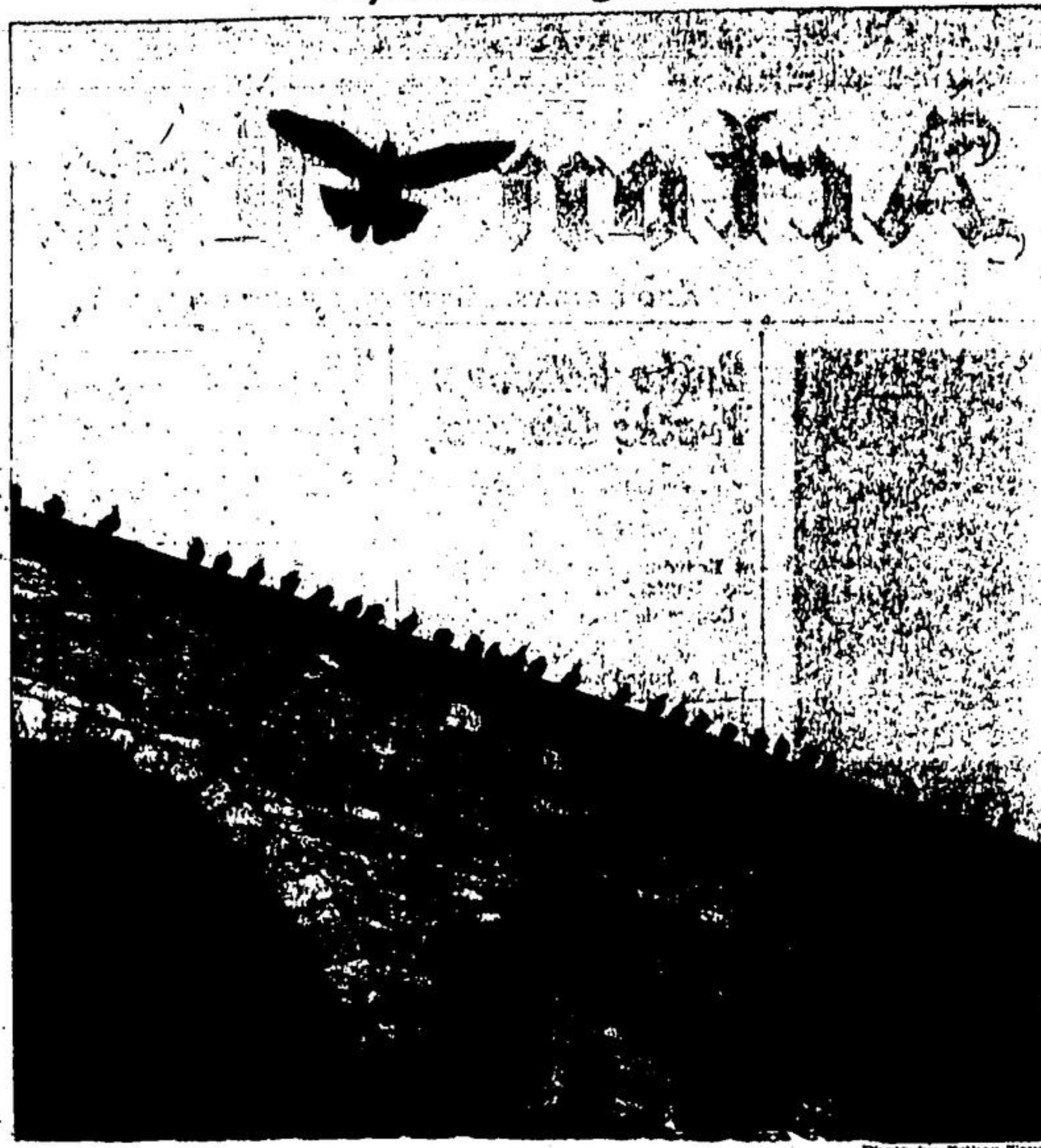


Photo by Elnor Taylor

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

Backache? Feel listless? Nerves frayed? Why don't you do as I did. Get away from it all by entering the teaching profession and revel in those long, golden summer holidays. A year ago, I had one week off between the end of summer school and the beginning of the teaching year. We spent the week winding up our affairs in one town and moving to another. I had two days' vacation — Sunday and Labor Day.

This year, however, due to superior planning and the uncanny timing of my wife, things are different. I had one day off — Labor Day — and I spent half of that moving the lawn, the other half writing a column. I don't like to think I have a personal diary who is determined that a holiday would be had for me. I prefer to put it down to sheer fate, bad management, or some kind of psychological block I have developed, which steers me away, relentlessly, from anything that looks like a vacation.

It all started on the last day of summer school. White and shaken from a brutal Latin examination, I tottered back to my room to find the whole family waiting for me, a flame with excitement, for various reasons. The kids were all agog because they figured they could get me into taking them to the Exhibition. My wife was all atwitter because she had just made a deal, out of thin air, to move to a different house, which she'd had her eye on for some time.

Right there, I almost broke down and wept. But, with that simple heroism that is the hallmark of the modern husband and father, without bitterness, with no recriminations, I pulled myself together. I waved a wistful mental farewell to my week of fishing, golfing and humming. I grinned a ghastly grin. I agreed that it certainly was a coincidence that the Ex was on, and that it certainly was lucky that we had a week in which to move to the new house (with the big tent).

It all seemed sort of pre-ordained and I didn't struggle. Just, er, a little, just a little, kids took me for a horrible ride, financially, and on a number of horrible rides, physically, at the midway. Every time it happens, I swear a deep and desperate oath that I'll never do it again. But I'm a sucker for midway rides. It's a hangover from childhood when I never had enough money for more than one thrilling trip on the Ferris wheel.

At any rate, we tried them all. That is, all the rides that scare the liver out of you, from the Wild Mouse to the GiantRotor. My wife, brave little woman, was a good sport, as usual. She stood on the ground,

alternately chewing her fingers and covering her eyes in horror, as we hurtled through space. But she did have the decency to help me stagger from one of these monstrous rides to the next, and she did tell me I was white as a sheet and to stop being such a dam' old fool.

That was a fitting introduction to the week that followed, my holiday week. When we got home, we moved. As far as I'm concerned, moving and nightmares are in the same category. They're unreal, undesirable and deeply disturbing. The only difference is in the temperature of the sweat they produce. With nightmares, it's a cold sweat.

It was the usual performance. My wife throwing out valuables, and the kids and I lugging them back in. Hundreds of cartoons jammed with everything from toilet paper to toe rubbers, and nobody knowing what was in which. Furniture that had gone in easily through doorways but resolutely refused to come out through them.

And just to add a little spice to this move, a mother cat rubbing our legs for food when we were carrying refrigerators, three kittens climbing out of their box and heading in three directions, and a crazy pup dashing wildly between the legs of the movers as they gingerly toted the bill.

The only thing that preserv-

G.A.D. About

Mill St. Medicine Men

Everytime I turn on the radio or TV there comes to mind the old medicine shows we used to have before we had either of these modern forms of mass communication. They used to come to town every summer and every winter. In summer they held their performance in the park or on Mill Street at the end of the hotel sheds about where the Laundromat now is located. Here they would erect a rough stand covered over with a tarpaulin and lighted by an oil lamp. Of course they had a piano and a player who could tangle a tune and play kind of fancy like playing the same tune with his hands behind his back. The same fellow also doubled for the professor to demonstrate his great ointment for healing all the mishaps of humans. He could have his hands seared with a red hot iron, have the ointment applied and be back at the piano for the next number.

Sometimes there was a magician with the troupe that would add his legendmancy to the performance and likely there would be a third man who was a general handy man who helped sell the products after the professor had delivered his lecture. He also took part in the skit that brought the show to its conclusion. One of the favorite concluding numbers would likely be "Charlie come over the River," in which

ed my sanity was the fortuitous recurrence of an old ailment in the general area of my back. This prevented me from lifting anything heavier than a cushion, but did not interfere with my natural ability to give cool, clear directions. It also proved something I'd suspected for a long time — that the Old Girl is a lot stronger than she looks.

As a fitting climax to the moving, it started to rain just as we were going to move the piano, and the mover had an open truck. My, it was exciting! You should have seen them put their backs into it — the two moving men and the two neighbors I had recruited. There was a great flurry of tarpaulins, grunting, and bad language, but they moved that piano in jig time, I can tell you. It was all I could do to stay out of their way as I showed them where to put it.

After all, we got settled in, after a fashion — the four cats, the dog and the four of us. There's a buffet and a china cabinet out in the garage, and I think a whole suitcase full of my socks and underwear went off to the dump, but that's all in the game.

I am not really bitter about it and already I'm making plans for my week's holiday next year. But I had to assert some will-power to keep from punching right in the nose some of my students on the first day of school, who greeted me with a cheery, "Had a nice holiday, sir?"

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Back in 1941

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Sept. 18, 1941.

During the dedication ceremony held in Acton park Sunday, a most interesting ceremony was the presentation of a parchment acknowledging and commending Pte. Orville Brown for his quick action in saving from drowning a bather in Fairy Lake a year ago. Since Pte. Brown is serving in the Canadian Army overseas, his daughter June received the parchment on his behalf. A copy of the citation read by Reeve J. B. Chalmers is to be sent to Mr. Brown's commanding officer.

The parade and open air service sponsored by the Legion and local organizations was well attended and provided a combined dedication and reconsecration service. The parade formed at the town hall and marched to the cenotaph, where a brief service was held, and then moved on to the park for the open air service. A silver collection was taken and proceeds were given to the Sick Children's Hospital in England.

Colonel A. O. T. Beardmore officially opened the Acton Fall Fair last week when one of the largest crowds in history attended. A splendid exhibit of horses and cattle was enjoyed and the midway, one of the biggest to date, provided plenty of entertainment for the youngsters.

The night performance Tuesday was quite successful and in spite of the rain in the early part of the evening, the show carried on in the arena. One of the new innovations this year was the manufacturers' exhibit of "made in Acton" products. It created much interest for the many visitors to the annual event.

The final draw sponsored by the Acton merchants was held at post office on Saturday, when an estimated 1,000 people were present for the occasion. The weekly draw has created plenty of excitement each week in town. The concluding draw on Saturday saw the barrel filled with coupons as citizens waited for their name to be announced. During the final draw, 20 prizes were distributed, with only one person not present when his name was called.

Back in 1911

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, Sept. 14, 1911.

Mrs. William Heston, Main St., who has been a helpless invalid for nearly eight years, had her first automobile ride Monday morning through the kindness of Mr. C. S. Smith. She enjoyed it very much and rode about 10 miles around town and district.

One of the most largely attended, enthusiastic and interesting political gatherings was staged in the town hall on Thursday when the Liberal Association held their rally. The hall was brightly decorated with flags and Chinese lanterns. The large crowd in attendance showed their enthusiasm as soon as the meeting began.

Mr. A. J. McKinnon, vice-president of the Liberal Association in Acton, presided for the evening. After a preliminary speech, he introduced Mr. Walter Beardmore, the head of the large leather interest here, which employs some 400 workers. Mr. Beardmore spoke very strongly in favor of reciprocity.

A call belonging to Richard Heston of the Backwood area had to be destroyed this week after it showed signs of rabies after being bitten by a mad dog. The animal was a valuable one since it came from a good strain and the owner regrets its loss.

The final baseball game between Acton and Milton will be played in the park here Saturday. The game should prove an interesting one since Milton has not been defeated this year.

Mr. Robert Bennett of the town line, Nassagaweya, has leased his farm in Esqueving and will hold a clearing sale this weekend. Mr. Bennett and family intend staying in Acton following settlement of the sale.

Mr. William Gowdy, manager of the Toronto Lime Co., with headquarters at Dolly Varden, entertained officers of the company Saturday evening. The members held their annual meeting after which they toured the lime works.

The recent rains have hampered the farmers from harvesting their crops but according to reports, the rain has not reached the serious stage. It is believed the crops can be saved if only the sun would shine soon.

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